

THE TURBLE TALES of KAPTIN KIDDO



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SECOND SECTION

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Pictured by GRACE G. DRAYTON

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They's a n'orful sassy Injun what lives outside o' a cigar store, on a street near my house, an'—an' me'n Puppo we doesn't not like him, an' Puppo he always barks at him somepin orful, an'—an' the Injun he don't never say nuffin—jus' stands ther' an' grins an' looks impident an' holds a tommyhawk—an' he has a petti-skirt on him an' a whole big lot o' fevvers down his back an' topside o' his head.



An' we went to mine Cousin Alice's house for dinner on Fanksgiving day, an' I sitted up by side o' mine pretty Cousin Alice an' she gived me all o' the turkey an' cranb'rye an' cel'ry an' nuts an' candy an' ice cream an' plum puddin' an' mince pie an' raisins an'—an' bread what I could eat—I wanted more—but ther' wasn't not enny room in my stumjack.



An' me'n Puppo lied down on the rug befront o' the lieberry fire, an' ever'buddy else goed to the feetball game, an' me'n Puppo we jus' lied down ther' lookin' at the fire—an' gasin' at the fire—an'—an' suddently ther' was a gr-r-reat big warwhoop an' 'at ol' sassy cigar store Injun jumped right out o' the fireplace—tommyhawk an' all—('Course I wasn't not scared).



An' Puppo he—he hid un'neaf o' the sofer an' the Injun looked orful fierce an' he sed, "I is goin' to scalp you fat Paleface, an' I is goin' to make chops out o' your fat ki-oodle." An' I sed, "No you ain't not—nuffin' o' the sort—'cause I is Kaptin Kiddo an'—what-che-know-'bout-'at!" 'En 'at ol' Injun he dropped his tommyhawk, an' he—he—he jus' gravelled—he jus' really gravelled—he was so scared—an' Puppo he sed, "Har-har! Chops! Har-har!"



En me an' Puppo we goed to the Injun's warm-wig—at's what he called his house 'e'cause it was all made out o' red headed scalps. I 'spect, an' we sitted roun' the fire an' we smoked a pipe o' peace wif him an'—an' his Mover, an' his two ittle papoosters—an' we talked 'bout Pilgrum Peoples what comed over in the May-flower, an' he sed—he sed those was some o' those Pilgrum's very scalps—an' the monkeys was a-singin' in the trees.

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An'—an'—an' af'erwhiles the N'Injun taked us to the cigar store, an' he gived us a whole lot o' cigars for mine Daddy—an' we was goin' out o' the door—an'—an'—those Injuns is 'ceitful fins—he hitted me—'bang bang' on the head wif his tommyhawk, an'—an' when I comed to mine senses 'gen we was back on the lieberry rug, an' mine Cousin Alice an'—an' all the rest comed in an' she sed, "Oh, you little Injun! Oh, you Kiddo!"